Numb. 31.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

*Perform'd by a Soci*t*. of* GENTLEMEN.

From **Wedneſday** May 26th. to **Friday** May 28th. 1708.

NExt Wedneſday will come out the Third Monthly Paper, full of variety of Entertaining Subjects.

Q. *What does our Saviour mean, when in* John 8. 58. Before Abraham was, I am?

A. He witneſſes his Præ exiſtence to the Birth of *Abraham*. And as he uſes the Expreſſion, *I am*, which God in *Exodus* 3. 14. aſſumes as his Proper Name, a Name declarative of his Eternal Eſſence; ſo he alſo teſtifies his own Divinity.

Q. *What was it in* Cain's *Sacrifice, that diſpleaſed God?*

A. Since it is ſaid of *Cain*, that he brought of the Fruit of the Ground an offering unto the Lord; but of *Abel* that he brought of the Firſtlings of his Flock; ſome have therefore not irrationally thought, that *Cain* did not conſecrate his Firſt fruits to God. But ſince it is alſo ſaid of *Abel*, that he brought of the Fat of his Flock; that is, he cull'd the very beſt of his Firſtlings to offer unto God; we may therefore more probably conclude, that *Cain* made his Offering out of the worſt, the refuſe of his Subſtance. Tho' yet we may ſuppoſe, that God principally regarded the Piety of the Intention, agreeably to what we meet with in *Heb.* 11. 4. By Faith *Abel* offer'd unto God a more Excellent Sacrifice than *Cain*. Which Faith, as it won'd have rendred the very ſame Sacrifice a more Excellent One: So it might diſpoſe the Mind of *Abel* to pick out of his Flock a choicer Offering.

Q. *Why does St.* John *take no notice, in his Goſpel, of the Inſtitution of our Lord's Supper?*

A. As *Irenæus*, *Clemens Alexandrinus*, *Victorinus*, &c. inform us, that one of the Reaſons, which prevail'd upon St. *John* to write his Goſpel, was to confound the *Ebionites*, *Cerinthians*, and other Early Hereticks; ſo we are acquainted from *Euſebius* and St. *Jerom*, that the other Reaſon was to ſupply the Deficiencies in the other Evangeliſts. And indeed this reaſon is ſo evidently conſpicuous to any obſerving Eye that we have no need of Ancient Teſtimonies to aſſure us of it. Hence it is, that he relates ſo little of our Saviour's Miracles, and ſo much of his Diſcourſes. Hence it is, that, as the other Evangeliſts had fully diſplay'd the Inſtitution of the Holy Sacrament in Their ſeveral Goſpells: So He ſupplied the want of it in His, with a very admirable Prayer of our Bleſſed Lord's.

Q. *Whether They, who have committed the Sin againſt the Holy Ghoſt, can have any Remorſe of Conſcience for Sins committed afterwards?*

A. Remorſe is of a twofold kind; the one a Godly, the other a Fruitleſs Sorrow: The one an Ingredient of Repentance, the other the Puniſhment of Sin; The one Competent to the Saints on Earth, the other the Portion of the Damn'd in Hell. But whereas many Pious Souls are their own Tormentors, and believe, what their melancholy unhappily ſuggeſts, that they have been guilty of that unpardonable Sin; they may confute themſelves by this irrefragable Argument; that they adorn the Doctrine of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt with ſuch Excellent Vertues, as muſt be allow'd to be implanted from above, ſince all our Sufficiency is of God. And ſure the Spleen it ſelf (tho' it indeed produce very ſtrange Phænomena) cannot render us ſo Weak as to ſuppoſe, that the Grace of God will work together with thoſe, who are Conſign'd over to Eternal Puniſhment.

Q. *Gentlemen, I long ſince ſent you a Latin Queſtion, which (ſince you decline anſwering in that Tongue) being not proper for* Engliſh; *I deſire may be anſwer'd immediately by directing to*, &c. *Pray let me hear of my Queſtions out of the Salisbury Breviary, or I ſhall believe they are added to the* 4 *mentioned in your Supplement; which, if you ſend me, I believe I can get reſolved?*

A. Pray, Mr. *Antiquary*, or at leaſt, Mr. *Would be ſo*, why ſo forward at anſwering of Queſtions, before you can ſpell out, what Queſtions are ask'd? We have had lately ſent us a piece of *Livy* to Tranſlate, ſuppos'd to be a difficult Paſſage, becauſe (as We imagin) the young Stripling, who ſent it, is not in a Claſs at School High enough for *Livy*. But as that piece of *Latin* calls for a Tranſlation, ſo it ſeems here is a piece of *Engliſh*, of plain *Engliſh* too, that demands an Expoſition. *Apollo* therefore condeſcends to be your Expoſitor for once. Three Gentlemen ſent us four Queſtions, and becauſe impatient of their Anſwers, ſent afterwards a Fifth, to be inform'd, which were Their four. Upon this *Apollo* ingenuouſly own'd, that he cou'd not Conjure Four, out of an heap of Fourſcore. But ſince you undertake to anſwer thoſe Gentlemen's laſt demand, pray caſt a Figure for once, and try your Skill in Judicial Aſtrology: And if you perform to Satisfaction, you ſhall have our Cuſtom for the future for all the Conjuring Queſtions, that ſhall be ſent us. As for your Queſtions out of the Salisbury Portiforium, for the major part of them, we refer you to a large heap of uncommon Rubbiſh, to be found

near better Books in *Exeter-Change*; where, (if you have not been Rumaging there already) you may meet with your Content.

Q. *Why is a Silly Man generally term'd a Coxcomb?*

A. It may perhaps be a corruption of the Word Cocks comb, or the Comb of a Cock; which, as an unneceſſary part, is always cut off in Game-cocks, and only ſuffer'd to grow upon thoſe of the Dung-hill: Thence we ſay Coxcomb to an unpoliſh'd Fellow, or a Man whoſe Mind or Perſon wants refining.

Q. *Gentlemen, I'm going into a hot Country, will it be proper to drink much Spirituous Liquor there? Your Advice will be follow'd by your humble Servant* MAN.

A. The general Experience of thoſe hot Countries will convince you, that Spirituous Liquors, if not taken to excels, are not only *proper*, but even *neceſſary* for the Preſervation of your *health*.

Q. *Moſt ſupe-abundantly Supereminent* Apollo, *in the moſt ſuperlative Degree! Be it known to your Godſhip, that I am a Cuckold, a moſt Egregious Cuckold! in ſo much, that did my Horns ſprout in Proportion with my Cuckoldom, they would ſtrike the Stars! It happen'd laſt Night my Wife came home a little Maudlin, and in her Qualms too Dry ſeems to have much Compunction, and promiſes to forſake the forbidden way. Now ſhou'd ſhe ceaſe whoring, wou'd ſhe not ceaſe to be a Whore? and by conſequence, ceaſing to Cuckold me, ſhou'd I not ceaſe to be a Cuckold? If* Apollo *be of this Opinion, it wou'd be of great Comfort, not only to many Eminent Traders, but alſo too, here and there, an honeſt Gentleman, who wou'd live in hopes of ſeeing and End of their Diſgrace?*

But if my Horns muſt always be my Fate,
I'll Gore to Death, all who Affront my State.

A. Moſt Exceedingly Exalted Cuckold, in the moſt Extraordinary Degree! very ſorry we are, we cannot give the Comfort you wiſh; for ſhou'd not your Wife's Compunction forſake her with her Qualms (which is yet to be fear'd) As a Crack'd Glaſs, tho' you Crack it no further, will always remain a Crack'd Glaſs: ſo She being once a Whore, will always be one; and by Conſequence, You always a Cuckold. All the Comfort we can give, is, to let your Patience grow in Proportion with your Horns, and to conſider it is ſome Comfort, to find your Condition not worſe than many of your Neighbours; and further conſider that ſhou'd Aſſaults upon your Reputation, by Quarrels turn to Perſonal Aſſaults; your Wife has made ſome Compenſation, by Arming your Head in your Defence.

Advance your Front then, like a Mounlan's Bull,
Till your Foes tremble at your Branched Scull.

Q. *As you ſtile your ſelf the God of Phyſick, I hope you'l oblige me with an Anſwer to the following Queſtion, viz I have had 4 Fits of a Tertian Ague, It began the Attack every other Day, exactly when the Clock ſtruck Nine, and went off in a Sweat about half an hour after five in the Afternoon. I deſire to know of* Apollo, *the reaſon of its return, and why it ſhould keep its time to a Minute, as it has done 4 times?*

A. Anſwer'd in the *Britiſh Apollo, Numb.* 18.

Q. *Sirs, What are the utmoſt effects of Joy and Sorrow; and how do they work on our Affections?*

A. When the Soul is extended with Joy, and drawn to its utmoſt Sphere of Irradiation, the Animal Spirits ſtir up moſt delightful and pleaſing Imaginations; and Actuating the Nervous Syſtem, cauſe the Eyes, Face, and other Members, as it were, to ſhine and leap forth; and the Præcordia being Enlivened by the Influence of the Brain, deliver'd by the Nerves, they pour forth the Blood more rapidly through the whole Body.

Q. Apollo, *what Odds will you lay, You keep up a Year?*

A. Great Odds! the Brains of a Gooſe againſt Yours.

Q. *Is* Engliſh *one of the Languages ſpoken after the Confuſion of Tongues at the Tower of* Babel?

A. If what ſome Criticks have affirm'd were true, namely, that the Babel confuſion conſiſted not in the Multiplication of Languages, but in the Different Acceptations under which the ſame Words preſented themſelves to Different Perſons, this wou'd take away the Foundation of the Queſtion. But tho' this be an Hypotheſis not to be admitted, yet the Queſtion will admit of as ready a Solution, ſince the *Engliſh* Tongue is a Mixture of many Languages, and therefore not deriv'd from the above-ſpecified confuſion.

POEMS.

Q. *OFT does my Slugiſh Muſe her Pinions try,*
With eager Thoughts to court your Deity;
A Pannick Fear ſometimes enervates all,
So much She cannot Soar this Earthly Ball.
Amaz'd with Terror at the Bold Deſign,
Leaſt She affronts Apollo, *or the Nine.*
Something at length, through Phœbus *quickning light,*
Diſpell'd her Clouds, as ſwift as He the Night:
New Vigour added to perform her Task,
And humbly of his Godſhip this to ask.
Of what uſe Watry Store
Contain'd in Membrane Pericard,
Inveſting o're
The Magazine of Gore?
The Queſtion if not hard,
It ſtill above a Mortals ſhallow reach,
We muſt but ask, you condeſcend to teach.

A. Oh! Mighty Bard that with Elaborate Pains
Doſt trim thy Muſe in ſuch Scholaſtick Strains:
That doſt ſuch Learn'd Apologies deviſe
As Puzzle *Phœbus* and the *Nine* ſurpriſe:
Such thundring Flights as Great *Parnaſſus* ſhake,
From *Horace* Plumes, and Bays from *Virgil* take.
To make a juſt Return we don't aſpire,
Content alone to read, and to admire:
But will our Senſe of Gratitude diſcloſe,
And ſolve the Query that you now propoſe.
That little Store of Watry Juice,
The Hearts performance does improve:
It's chiefeſt uſe,
Is ſmoothneſs to produce,
To make it Glibly Move.
And thus ('tis hop'd) without Divine Suggeſtion,
We have Expounded your Immortal Queſtion.

Q. *I'm Kin to* Old Par,
And have learn'd as far
As moſt of the Lads in the Nation:
My Father's a Poor-man,
Next Door to a Carman,
A Porter by Occupation:
He'd have me, I trow,
To Cambridge *to go,* *And*

And ſo to make of me a Stateſman:
But I ſay nothing ſo,
Unwilling to go,
For I ſeem to be made for a Tradeſman.
I beg your Advice, Sirs,
May come in a trice, Sirs,
For I'm ſure that your Patron Apollo,
Is a Prophet at leaſt,
And therefore knows beſt,
Which will be moſt uſeful to follow?
A. Your own Notion follow,
Your Father's is ſhallow;
And tho', as a Porter, with Pains,
Great Loads he may bear:
We ſafely may ſwear,
The leaſt of his Loads, are his Brains.
Q. Ye Sons of Apollo,
Pray tell, if you're able,
Why Moſt good Nags Stale
Soon as Litter'd in Stable?
This Queſtion reſolve,
And I ſhall Opine;
Ye deſerve for your Pains
A Flask of good Wine.
A. Hold, Generous Querift!
No Wine we beſeech you,
How you may be cheaper
Inſtructed we'l teach you:
For *Apollo's* Amuſement
Your Queſtion's too Stale:
But a Farrier will ſolve it
For a Pot of Good Ale.
Q. Ye Britiſh Sons of God Apollo,
Whoſe ſage Advices thouſands follow,
Give me a Reaſon (if you can)
Why Humane Life is like a Span
In ſhortneſs (if there lies the Pinch?
'Tis ſomewhat longer than an Inch)
O do you ſo inſiſt upon,
It muſt be juſt ſo ſhort, and long;
Why not a quarter of a Yard,
(That's my Span, I have it meaſur'd.)
As well the length of Life may be,
As that 'twixt thumb and Fingers three?
A. As ſome are weak, and ſome are ſtronger,
Some Spans are ſhort, and ſome are longer:
Thus Life's a Span ſtill; (there's the Pinch)
Like Infant's, ſome are ſcarce an Inch.
And if your Span Suits with your Brains,
Short Life, alas! for You remains.

Q. I walk'd on Milbank *on a day the laſt week,*
With 4 of my Friends ſome Diverſion to ſeek,
We met a Young Lady, Brisk, Airy and Fair,
Who with a Maid-Servant was ſauntring there;
I kiſs'd her with fury, and told her I thought
In her Eyes I had met with the Bleſſing I ſought;
Well-pleas'd She appear'd, till her Ugly fac'd Maid,
Who, to ſpeak the plain truth, was an ill-natur'd Jade,
Entic'd her to leave us, with ſcolding and frowns;
For why ſhould ſhe hold Converſion with Clowns?
At this I grew angry, ſays I, you're uncivil,
Your Miſtreſs an Angel, *but you are a Devil:*
You tempt her like Satan to fall from her Bliſs,
And looſe a Gallant by reſenting a Kiſs.
Now Query *if I have my Breeding betray'd,*
And the Lady diſpleas'd in affronting the Maid?
A. Why really your Caſe is a little obſcure,
It muſt on her Temper depend to be ſure;
Perhaps ſhe'll forgive your Affront for your Kiſs,
But that will be ſtill as her Ladyſhip is;
You've your folly at leaſt, if not breeding betray'd,
For who'd *win* the Miſtreſs ſhould firſt *kiſs* the *Maid*.

The Surprize.

TO *Silvia*, long my Vows I had Confeſt
With Sighs, might pierce an Adamantine (Breſt!
But ſtill my Paſſion no Returns cou'd gain,
But Scorns and Frowns, with Never and in Vain:
At length I ſaw beneath a Myrtle Shade,
In Floods of Tears, the Lovely Cruel Maid.
Amaz'd at what cou'd melt her Frozen Heart!
I gently Preſs'd, She wou'd the Cauſe impart:
On that, her Humid Eyes began to move
Tow'rds me, I own, She cry'd at laſt, I Love.
No more ſaid I! the Bleſſing is too Great!
And ſtorms my Breſt like ſome Stupendious Fate;
Tumultuous Raptures revel in my Soul,
Too much for Human Nature to controul!
But when my Vi'lent Paſſions, taking vent,
In Extacy had all their Vigour ſpent!
Fond Youth, ſaid She, you Err, I love, 'tis true,
With Ardour; but alas! It is not You.
Now ſhew your Love above your Intereſt wrought,
And let Young *Strephon* to my Arms be brought;
He'll hear his Friend: You'ave ſuch a Moving Strain,
Sure, when for Me, You cannot Move in Vain!
If for your Self, You Urg'd ſo well before,
You'll better Plead for one You love far More!
Much more She ſaid: but, ſtruck with the Surprize!
Her Words fled from my Ears, Her Image from my (Eyes:
Sunk in Death's cold Imbrace, and Gloomy Night;
But ah! too ſoon again return'd to Hated Light.

Foreign News, *&c.*

BRuſſels, May 4. The French have ſo advantagiouſly Poſted themſelves, that it is next to impoſſible to Attack them, but if they are oblig'd to Decamp before us, as we expect they will from want of Supplies of Neceſſaries, the Duke of Marlborough will have a fair Opportunity to Attack their Rear: In the mean time, from our Situation

tion and the Nature of the Ground, we are as strongly Incamp'd as They. The Commiſſary of the Muſters, which are in the Service of the King of Spain, who has been accuſed of writing ſeveral Memorials and Letters, reflecting on the Conduct and Reputation of ſeveral Miniſters, has been divers times examin'd by the Commiſſaries of the high Council of Malines: He refuſed to plead, pretending, as being a Commiſſary, he was not Anſwrable before them; but his Crimes being committed before he was in that Poſt, he was ſentenc'd to ſtand on a Scaffold, and to ſee his Writings burnt by the Hands of the Common Hangman, before his Face; as alſo condemn'd to the Gallies, during the King's Pleaſure.

Frankford, May 28. We have receiv'd from Vienna the Good News, that the Emperor has given an entire Satisfaction to the Elector Palatine; ſo that now, the Palatine Troops will ſoon joyn the other Forces of the Empire. Prince Eugene is expected about the 2d or 3d of next Month, being oblig'd to ſtay two or three Days at Dreſden, to conclude a Treaty with King Auguſtus, for a greater Body of Troops than was before expected. The Saxons in the Pay of Great Britain and Holland, are this Day to form a Camp near Mentz, where they will be joyn'd by the Heſſians. It is reported by ſome, that the Elector of Bavaria, deſigns to paſs the Rhine, and endeavour to force the Paſſes of the Black Foreſt: Tho moſt are of Opinion, that the Enemy will contenr themſelves with leaving a Flying Camp in Alſace. and March with the reſt towards the Moſſelle, to oppoſe the Deſigns of Prince Eugene. Laſt Night Arriv'd here, the Baron de Gortz, firſt Miniſter of the Elector of Hannover; who aſſures us that his Maſter will ſet out in a Day or two: He is impatiently expected and they write from the Camp at Mulbergh, that they are preparing to quit the Lines and paſs the Rhine, upon the Arrival of that Prince.

From the Camp between St. Renelle and Hall, June 1. We are ſo near the Enemy that we can hear their Drums beat. This Neighbourhood has occaſion'd a great Deſertion amongſt the French. Many alſo of our Men taken at Almanza, who by ill Uſage were forc'd to liſt with the Enemy, take this Opportunity to come over to us; on which the French Generals have placed Guards in the Front of our Camp to prevent further Deſertion.

Paris, May 29. Our Letters from Madrid ſay, that the Marquiſs de Bay continues about Badajox, and complains very much of the Delay of the March of ſome Regiments, who are to joyn him. They now begin to own that the Forces deſign'd againſt Portugal, will not be by one half ſo numerous as they gave out. They give us all the Particulars of the ſo's of Mazelquiver, on the Coaſt of Africa, in which 1200 Men have been deſtroy'd and 1700 made Slaves. Our Letters from Dunkirk ſay, that Count Forbin had put to Sea before this time, with 9 Men of War, but that a ſtrong Squadron of Engliſh Men of War, appear'd in ſight of Dunkirk.

Whereas this Paper now, beſides the great Numbers taken in, at Publick-Houſes; is taken in at many more Private-Houſes than any other Paper, and by Conſequence likely to be of more Effect for Advertiſements than any others; alſo our taking Care that nothing ſhall be taken in but what is Creditable, otherwiſe we might have much fill'd the Paper before this time; we ſuppoſe it may be of Incouragement to People to Advertiſe in this Paper.

Any Perſons, upon directing their Letters to the Printer, ſuperſcri'd, for the *Britiſh Apollo*; may have this Paper brought to their Houſes at two Shillings a Quarter, by the Men who carry them: Thoſe who come in within the Quarter, to have proportionable Deductions at the End: Alſo the Monthly-Papers for *April* and *May*: Likewiſe the Books or Guards neatly Bound to keep them in, at two Shillings a piece. It is deſired all Letters with Queſtions be directed thither, or to Mr. *Keble* in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, or to Mr. *Bickerton*, at the *Golden Flower-de-luce*, in St. *Paul's-Church-Yard*, Bookſellers: Where whole Sets may be had from the Beginning; at which Places likewiſe, Advertiſements are taken in: But all who deſire Sets, and to have them conſtantly deliver'd at their Houſes, muſt direct their Letters as above. *Note*, that they who have whole Sets are only to pay a Shilling for the 12 before *Lady Day*, and the reſt to go on this Quarter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAken from a Lady's Side, coming out of St. Martin's Church, the 23d Inſtant, a Gold Watch, with a Cypher on it, whoever brings it to Mr. Newmans at the Upper End of St. Martin's-lane, ſhall have 5 Guineas Reward.

LOST the Tenth Inſtant near St James's Church, an Italian Grey-hound, of a Dove Colour, whoever brings it to James Howard Eſq; near the Play-houſe in the Hay-market, ſhall have a Guinea Reward.

LOST or taken from a Lady's Side, going out of Pinkethman's Booth the laſt day of May-Fair, a Gold Squeezing-watch, with a Gold Chain to it, whoever brings it to Mr. Johaton againſt the King on Horſeback, Charing-Croſs, ſhall have ten Guineas Reward.

WINE, a Poem Printed for William Keble at the Black-Spread Eagle in Weſtminſter-Hall.

Yeſterday was Publiſh'd

THE Celebrated Speeches of Ajax and Ulyſſes for the Armour of Achilles. In the 13th Book of Ovid's Metamorphoſis. Eſſay'd in Engliſh Verſe by Mr. Tate, Poet Laureat and Aaron Hill, Gent. Printed for W. Keble, at the Black Spread-Eagle in Weſtminſter-Hall, and Tho. Bickerton at the Golden Flower-de-luce in St. Paul's-Church-Yard.

LOST, or Stoln on Friday the 6th of this Inſtant May, from King Street in Bloomsbury, a little Liver Colour'd and white Spaniel Dog, with a double Spot in his Forehead. Whoever brings him to Mrs. Peeks, at the twiſted Poſts by the Swan Pall-mall in the aforeſaid Street, ſhall be well rewarded for his Pains.

Juſt Publiſh'd

THE Invaſion, a Poem to the Queen, by Mr. Hill. Printed for Tho. Bickerton at the Golden Flower-de-luce in St Paul's-Church-Yard, Price 6 Pence, where may be had Camillus a Poem to the Right Honourable Charles Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth, on his Glorious Actions in Spain, Price 6 Pence.

IF any Perſon has an Eſtate to diſpoſe of, near Reading, of about two hundred Pounds per Annum Freehold; if ſuch Perſon will apply himſelf to Mr. George Wilſon of the Middle Temple, he may hear of a Chapman.

LOST in or near St. Paul's Church-Yard, a green Vellum Pocket-book, with divers Receipts for Rent in it and other Accounts; whoever has found it, and brings it to Mr. Jones in the Upper-end of St. Martins-lane, ſhall have ten Shillings reward, it being of no Uſe to any but the Owner.

LOST in St. James's Park the firſt Inſtant, a ſmall Spaniel, with long Ears of Liver-colour, five Liver-colour Spots on his Back, the reſt white, with long white Hair on his Cheſt, his Noſe and Legs motled; three Silver Bells guilt, on a blew Satten Ribon, about his Neck. Whoever has found him, and brings him to Madam Williams at Chelſea ſhall have a Guinea reward, and reaſonable Charges,

Printed for the Authors, by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Preſs*, againſt *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. Where Advertiſements are Taken in.